THE MISSIONARY

HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

APRIL·1941

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In Times of World Tension

THE HOPE of the world is **GOODWILL;**

THE CREATOR of **goodwill** is the religion of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man through Jesus Christ;

THE INSTRUMENT of **goodwill** is the Church of Jesus Christ;

THE STRENGTH of **goodwill** is in the hearts of the individuals within the Church of Jesus Christ.

Through State Conferences, the Council for Social Action, The Board of Home Missions, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the spirit of **goodwill** on the part of the individual within the Church is carried throughout this land and far across the seas.

The Church of Jesus Christ is the **first** line of DEFENSE against the destructive forces of hate; the **strong** line of OFFENSE for the victory of **goodwill,** the erection of the Kingdom of God on earth.

In times of world tension **the Church must be supported as never before in all its varied lines of activity.**

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For definite projects, programs, information, write

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or

THE MISSIONS COUNCIL

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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

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Our Cover

IN the background the Cross; in the foreground the Pilgrim Fellowship taking the light from off the altar and passing it along from one to the other around the world!

We can think of no more hopeful sign in these dark and tragic days. So long as we have the Cross of Christ and young, earnest conveyors of the Light and Life of the Risen One we need not despair. A righteous and enduring peace is bound to come, born of good will and sustained by coöperative enthusiasm.

The Christian missionary movement has always received its greatest impetus from the youth of the Church. Our mission boards sprang into existence more through the determined efforts of young apostles than through the initiation of our wise but prudent leaders.

So our hope today lies in our Pilgrim Fellowship, in the students of our seminaries, in everyone young enough in spirit to catch the meaning of Calvary and the Resurrection in such a way as to yearn to pass the Light to others the world over.

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"Day by day thy Cross take up."

Joseph Hardy Neesima, founder of modern Christian education in Japan, wrote this in the late sixties as his daily motto at Andover.

The original is owned by the trustees of Andover Theological Seminary and is on exhibition in the museum of Andover-Newton.

The Fellowship of the Cross

By Dr. Hachiro Yuasa of Japan

IN this tragic hour of human history Christians everywhere in the world are compelled to scrutinize their basic concepts in regard to the eternal truth of their faith and hope, because God's truth and God's truth alone is potent and adequate to guide humanity through this tempestuous period of titanic world metamorphosis. What, then, is unique, intrinsic, fundamental in Christianity? To my way of thinking, the unmistakable answer is Christ and His Cross.

The Cross is the symbol of Christian truth. It stands for the reality of realities—eternal God, Father of all mankind. It reveals the essential nature of God—love.

That this love is revolutionary

in technique, redemptive in purpose, creative in potency and eternal in validity was most convincingly demonstrated by the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Love is longsuffering, selfless, sacrificial in service, does not judge others lightly but trusts in His righteousness. Love is humble, penitent, forgiving, reconciliatory, peace-making and does not condemn but leaves vengeance to the wrath of God. Love resists hatred with mercy, matches violence with compassion, overcomes evil with good. This is the spirit of the victorious Cross.

Peoples come and go in an endless procession, empires rise and fall, but the Cross stands towering above the wrecks of time radiant in a light prophetic of the new heaven and the new earth.

In the fellowship of the Cross lies humanity's hope. To be a Christian is to belong to this fellowship.

The Triumphant Fellowship

By Henry H. Riggs of Beirut

MISSIONARIES on the foreign field form a great fellowship that cuts right across the national and political divisions that have brought the world to this horrible war. When war broke out in September, 1939, it was the British missionaries in Palestine who took the initiative in arranging to continue the work of the German missions, and succeeded in having many of the German missionaries exempted from internment.

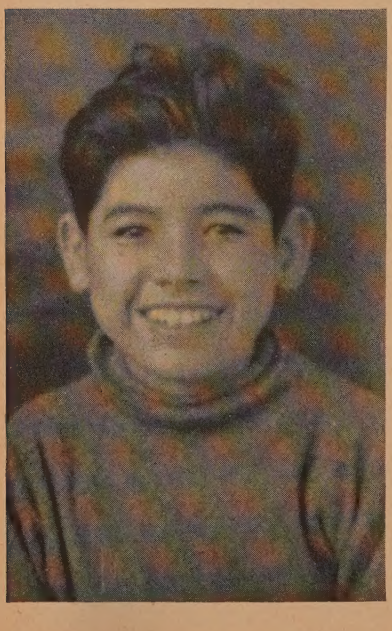
Later, when German armies overran Denmark and invaded Norway, the Scandinavian missionaries were suddenly cut off from their sources of support, and would have been obliged to close up their work; but the United Missionary Council of Syria and Palestine acted at once to find means to support these missions; an effort which, with help from other countries as well as local contributions, has been in large measure successful.

At that time an English missionary in Jerusalem remembered that in a little Jewish colony on the Plain of Ezdraelon a single Danish missionary with his Norwegian wife were living and working among the colonists. As they were not connected with any of the other missions, they had not been included in the arrangements planned by the U.M.C. So the English missionary got in his car and started

north to look up this solitary family and see if they had any means of livelihood.

As he drove along he thought of a better way, so he turned aside into the city of Haifa where he picked up a German missionary who was still at liberty and took him along on his errand. So the Englishman and the German went together to look up the Dane and his Norwegian wife in the Jewish colony on that historic plain. Happily when they found the friends they sought, they learned that the financial problem had already been providentially solved. Just a few weeks before, an unexpected gift of money had come from Denmark, a generous contribution for the work, large enough to keep the little mission going for some time.

So in that little cottage they knelt down, the Englishman, the German, the Dane and the Norwegian, together, to thank God for this unexpected help, and to thank Him, too, for the fellowship of the messengers of Christ even in these bitter days.



A Young and Cheerful Giver

MISS PEARL WALRATH, extension worker in Grants, New Mexico, explains the above picture which by the way, was taken at the school in Grants just before Christmas.

"One of our boys, twelve years old, did some work for us for which he received fifty cents. He told me he was going to get a haircut with it; then he thought he would buy some Christmas presents for his little brothers instead. What happened to the money? 'I finally got it changed into five dimes and put it in the Cross dime holder for my church,' he said.

" 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver'—He must love Sam a great deal!"

"One of the Least of These"

By Amy B. Cowles of South Africa

A ZULU hut. A low doorway. No windows nor chimney. A perpetual fire in the center of the hut. Smoke. The accumulated soot of years hanging in finger-like stalactites from the semi-spherical roof.

Upon the earth floor, a woman lay dying. Among the beer pots close to her head, a hen was hatching chickens. Behind her a new-born calf was calling for its mother. A baby was creeping over the floor. Naked children, a pig, a lean dog, a brood of chickens, a skeleton cat were walking in and out at will.

The patient moaned and turned upon her mat. A heathen woman with a greasy skin kilt tied about her waist dropped to the floor beside her. "Ini?" "What is it?" she asked. "Oh, I am so dry. Water! Water!" "No, no. I cannot give you water. Water would kill you, because you are so hot."

Taking a small clay pot, the woman filled it with beer, and placed it beside the dying woman. "No! No!" came the faint reply. "That would be a sin. God does not like us to drink beer."

At early dawn of the next day, a group of Christians came to that hut. They moved to one side the untouched pot of beer, then wrapping the body in a strip of white calico, they placed it in a rude coffin, and carried it out through the low doorway. Beside a bush, they had dug the grave, and standing about in the tall, dewy grass, they laid her to rest. The woman had "done what she could."

While Bible verses were read, and while the Christians prayed and sang "Zulu kaya lami" (Heaven is my home) the heathen husband with his other wives, and the naked children, stood near and looked on with bowed heads and with fear in their hearts. Because his heart was troubling him so; because he had many wives and was walking in all the ways of darkness; because he knew he was a sinner before God, the husband was allowing his wives to go to church, an effort to hush "the still small voice" perhaps.

This wife, who had gone, had faithfully attended the little sod church upon the hill. She had stood up one day and said, "I choose the Lord." Then she took off her dirty skin kilt. She washed all the clay and grease

from her hair; she bathed her whole body in the river. Then she put on a clean print dress which one of the Christians had made for her, and her husband looking on, said not one word.

The woman who had died could not read one syllable. She could not answer one question from the catechism. She had grown up in utter darkness, but she had seen the Lord! She had seen Him upon the Cross. She knew He had died for her, and at His feet she had dropped, like Mary of old, and said, "My Lord and my God."

"After this I beheld and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. . . . And one of the elders answered saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes and whence came they? . . . And He said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. . . . For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."

As for That SOS to Save Old Swayne

Two years ago and one year ago, in his annual reports, President Gallagher of Talladega College broadcast the appeal which was copied in THE MISSIONARY HERALD for January, 1941. Mr. Gallagher now writes in to tell us that he is a bit embarrassed by friends who have already contributed $14,000 to "complete" this project, and who want to know why further appeals are being made. His latest annual report, which has just come to the editor's desk, indicates that the "SOS" *was* heard, and the project is now completed.

But Mr. Gallagher adds that the need for monies for the current budget is even more urgent than at any previous time, and the SOS still holds good for 'Dega, even though its oldest and finest building has been saved.

In his first year at Talladega President Gallagher raised only $2,500 from outside donors for current expense—and this year President Gallagher has to raise $26,000 in order to balance the budget.

A Message of the Church Bells

A TRUE EASTER STORY

By H. Abkarian of North Syria*

On the banks of the Euphrates where it cuts through from Turkey into Syria the railroad forms the only boundary between the two countries.

Here we find the town of Djrabalous, near the site of the ruins of Carchemish where Nebuchadnezzar won a famous victory. (See Jer. 46:2.)

The inhabitants of the town are from several Christian sects, together with Moslems.

A few years ago three of these churches joyfully announced to the world that they had come into possession of church bells.

On a farm near by, Avadis had faithfully served his Turkish master for twenty-three years. A Turk in appearance, manner of life, and almost in his own consciousness, only his name, Avadis, marked him as different.

Suddenly, while he was working in the field one morning, a strange sound from a mile away came to his ears, "ding-dong," "ding-dong," "ding-dong," three bells ringing together. Coming so suddenly and persistently, Avadis started, and listened. For twenty-three years he had heard the muezzin's call to prayer, and had paid no attention. But this was different. It awakened long-forgotten days of Easter, when the bells said, "Christ is risen," "Christ is risen," "Christ is risen."

His Turkish Effendi cursed. His wives feared evil spirits. But the sound awakened new thoughts in Avadis' heart. He remembered his boyhood, the days when as a child he was cared for by kind "mothers" in an orphanage. Somewhere, somewhere, he had a Bible. He must find it.

The bells seemed to be saying with one voice, "Christ is risen," "Christ is risen." He must find that Bible. In those long-gone days he had read it. He had learned verses from it. But that was twenty-three years ago. Was he dreaming? No, it was not a dream, for diligent search brought out the Bible. He began to read, but could not be satisfied. He must find the place where the sound of the bells came from.

Crossing the river he found a church, and again heard the wonderful message, heard it not only with his ears, but also with his heart.

*Rev. H. Abkarian is pastor of the Bethel (Evangelical) Church in Aleppo, Syria. He is a graduate of our School of Religion.

His whole life was changed. The whole world seemed different.

He could no longer continue as before; so telling his master the reason, he said goodby, and started life over again as a shoemaker.

Soon, however, word came, "I can't carry on without you. There is no one I can trust. You *must* return."

The message was so persistent that finally he decided to try it.

Two conditions were made: he must have Sundays free, and he must not be asked to have part in any unlawful work. On these conditions he returned as overseer of his master's large estate.

Constant trials awaited him, with constant demands for Christian courage.

One day one of his master's wives thought to please him by giving him a large tin of oil from the storeroom. On asking what answer she would give when the master found one tin lacking, she answered, "I will say I poured it into the large jar from which we are using." Of course Avadis refused.

Another day his master wished him to oversee the measuring of wheat which he was sending secretly across the border into Turkey, so escaping the payment of duty. Of course Avadis was obliged to refuse to have any part in it. His Christian life is a constant struggle.

But Moslems, Kurds, and members of the various Christian sects, have all come to respect his Christianity.

A supply of tracts in the various languages of the country are always ready, and such is the respect he inspires that all are glad to read them.

So he witnesses that Christ is indeed risen, and living in his heart.

Lord Halifax on Missions in Wartime

HEARING that some Christians were wondering whether, in wartime, they should not divert all their money to war charities, Lord Halifax, now British Ambassador to the United States, wrote Dr. William Paton, Secretary of the International Missionary Council, that action by government departments had shown that services rendered by Christian missions should continue. Lord Halifax added: "I am myself quite clear that the support of foreign missionary work in time of war is an essential part of the Church's witness. I should much regret if the responsibility which Christian people rightly feel toward the special needs and charities that press upon us in wartime should lead them to desert this *permanent and universal Christian obligation.*"

On Easter Morn Force Failed

MAN'S darkest day was followed by his brightest.

Death is the most devastating of defeats. All seemed ended when Jesus was hung upon the cross. His disciples were scattering, his words would soon be forgotten, his life appeared to be a complete failure.

Then came Easter. We do not know precisely what happened on that radiant morn—but the glow of victory can still be felt across the span of twenty centuries. The Easter triumph was not of the flesh but of the spirit. Jesus rose in the hearts of those who loved him. The crucified Christ became the indwelling Christ. Because of the impact of Easter on their lives, a group of humble fisherfolk became the founders of the Christian Church.

Easter is not a single episode in history but a recurring experience in human life. Ultimately the spirit of man is victor over material force. Prison bars have never yet been able to confine truth. The principles for which men die live after them. From Jerusalem of long ago to the Shansi of our time the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church. Good Friday is ever the prelude to Easter. In the end the things of the spirit triumph over the machines of man.

Never has Easter dawned upon a more frightened world than in 1941. Never have men been under greater temptation to put their trust in engines of destruction. But the Christian who has fathomed the deeper meaning of Easter will neither fear force, nor will he depend upon it. Today, as always, the final triumph will be achieved through influences which are unseen but eternal.

Eighty-four dollars, plus work and imagination, created this worship center

"The Beauty of Holiness"

IN THE DUST BOWL

THE hopeful settlers whose plows broke the prairie in western North Dakota at the beginning of the century knew nothing of ecclesiastical architecture. A church was a place where the faithful were sheltered from the elements while listening to a sermon. Worship was hardly recognized as a proper occupation for Protestants.

In addition to the usual structural deficiencies of 1908, in the church at Hettinger the choir was crowded into a circular alcove immediately behind the pulpit, through whose windows the light shone into the eyes of the congregation.

When Ernest B. Fisher and his ordained wife accepted the Hettinger pastorate in 1938 they brought with them a developed taste in both music and worship. Their first achievement was to train the people of the prairie to sing "The Messiah" with understanding and enjoyment. Later they turned their attention to the transformation of their auditorium into a place of worship.

Everybody helped. The church school offered to buy a picture

for the chancel provided the interior was redecorated. They chose Hofmann's "Christ in Gethsemane"—at a cost of $7.75, which was a lot of money for a small school. The missionary society presented a program which brought in $16.35. Lumber which would have cost $16.02 was donated for a choir platform in front of and to the left of the chancel, while a carpenter volunteered to do the work. A pair of brass candle sticks for the altar were received as a gift.

The committee in charge chose heavy dark green velour to be hung around the alcove which was being transformed into a chancel. This cost $34.85 for materials; the work was done by the Ladies' Circle. Gold symbols for the altar, pulpit and lectern hangings cost $11.84. The lectern was built by a local cabinetmaker for $8.29. An oak cross was made in the correct proportions and gilded. The total cost, including the donated lumber, was $83.98. The money was largely raised by voluntary contributions without diminishing the regular income of the church.

"A barren church has been transformed into a place of beauty," writes Mr. Fisher. "Not only is the worshipper shut off from the outside world; he also feels the presence of God."

Beautifying our places of worship is not primarily a matter of money but of taste, imagination and willingness to experiment. In any community a sensible plan for church improvement will enlist surprising support.

The church at Hettinger, North Dakota, reflects the architectural trends of 1908

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin H. Scaff heard the call last year and are now in the Philippines

Needed in 1941

THE American Board is seeking recruits for a number of important posts in various countries.

The Christian character of each applicant must be satisfactorily attested. Questions concerning background, motive, and habits will be asked. The touchstone of personal fitness in this service lies in the realm of attitude toward the Kingdom of God as described by Jesus, and commitment to his way of life.

The standard of qualifications for all these openings is high. The Board requires college or university graduation or its equiv-

alent, plus professional courses with appropriate degrees. In addition to good health, a certain amount of practical experience is highly desirable, but only rarely is any candidate over thirty years of age accepted.

All recruits except those who go for "short term service" are expected to learn a vernacular language. In some cases, two languages are required. Arrangements are made to allow time for language study at the outset on the field.

After five years on the field a furlough of one year to be spent in America is authorized. The second and later terms of service abroad are seven years, except in tropical countries. Normally, retirement with pension comes at 65–70 years of age.

Traveling expenses, salaries and allowances vary widely according to country and local conditions. The Board provides travel to and from the field and a salary sufficient to provide "comfortable and economical support." Rental, health, language study and children's allowances are added as needed. In general it is assumed that one does not enter this service with a view to financial gain.

★ ★ ★

POSITIONS TO BE FILLED IMMEDIATELY

AFRICA	Physicians: Two (married men) Teachers: One Principal (married man), Two Women Ordained Men: Three (married) One Nurse
CHINA	Physicians: Three (married men) One Ordained Man (married) Teachers: Two Women
INDIA AND CEYLON	Physician: One Married Man Teachers: Three Women One Ordained Man (married) One Nurse
TURKEY	One Home Economics Teacher (woman) One Mathematics Teacher (man)

For further information concerning any of these openings, address: Candidate Department, American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

An Alabaster Cruse from Georgia

By Fred Brownlee

DOWN in Sylvester, Georgia is a little county school for Negro children taught by a modest, self-effacing teacher who sent with her letter not her name, but the names of the officers of the school's Try Hi Y Club. We have heard of Hi Y Clubs, but never before of one called "Try Hi." That school is bound to get somewhere, no matter how far it is off the highway in a rural section of Georgia, and regardless of how small it is, or that no one who reads this has ever heard of the place. It is not the location or size of a place that counts, but what happens there. Something of far-reaching significance happened at Sylvester on Race Relations Sunday. The news came to us as one of those tantalizing secrets which Uncle Sam protects in sealed envelopes, stamped according to his regulations. Imagine our surprise and delight when we read:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"This is the first year we ever heard about the American Missionary Association and the help it has been to the Negro. We, the Try Hi Y, wanted to add our names to your list of givers. "Enclosed you will find $1.06 with our best wishes that this will be the most successful year you have ever had.

Sincerely

Girls Try Hi Y Club
THELMA COOK—President
WILLIE CRITTINDON—
Secretary

(MISS) HATTIE L. BRYANT,
(MRS.) J. S. BACON,
Advisors'

One dollar and six cents. How shall we measure it? What shall we do with it? Surely it cannot be measured by the weight of its metal, or its purchasing power in material things. It is a gift of appreciation, and a wish for continued success. It is a gift of love, respect, honor. Back of it lies the American epic of slavery, emancipation, reconstruction, carpet-baggers, and finally, the fixing of a people in "their place." What is that place? Who fixed it? Who will remove the walls? How? When?

One dollar and six cents cannot do much in removing very old and very strong walls. We could buy some dynamite and

A Negro school in rural Georgia which has now been superseded by something better

perhaps blow up a noticeable section, but what a sacrilege to buy dynamite with a gift of love, appreciation and respect! What then can we do with so small a sum? We can tell the world about it.

The American Missionary Association has never used dynamite and it does not intend to. We have followed the way of love, good will, peace: a long, long way indeed, but much has been accomplished. We could go faster if the walls were down, if the barriers of prejudice were removed so that all like-hearted, like-minded and like-determined people could feel, think and plan together for better homes, better communities, a better America, a better world. It is to this end that we shall use our gift from the Try Hi girls of the little county school at Sylvester, Georgia. It gives us courage, revives our hope, quickens our ambition. It is more than metal and can buy more than things. It is not the payment of an obligation. Our little friends of Sylvester have brought to us happily their "alabaster box of very precious ointment."

Dedicating a Home—African Style

By Mathilde T. Dysart, Chikore, East Africa

We have been slow to acknowledge that many native customs are both sacred and beautiful, and that it will strengthen the church and its members if we adopt some of them, possibly without the usual bringing of gifts and feasting.

Yesterday a crowd of 150 assembled to dedicate the new teacher's home at Bangira, one of the outstation schools. Thunder and heavy clouds kept many away, but some came who live from eight to ten miles distant, many with babies on their backs. Both Josefa Mhlanga, the teacher, and his wife are from Portuguese Territory.

The shower came during the singing of the first hymn, a good sign, said many. We did not mind, for the rain was badly needed. Shelter was sought in one of the school buildings where the program continued. In his opening remarks the native leader said: "This is nothing new. We all know this custom of dedicating a new home. We know that our forefathers never moved into a new home without first

Primitive African home

The home of an African evangelist near Chikore

asking for the blessing and the protection of the Great Spirit and the family Spirit. We know that they also had other customs which were good and helpful. They never chose a new building site without invoking the guidance of the Great Spirit and His Helpers. They also did this when the name was given to a new baby. Many other customs they had which were also good. Some of them had parts which were not so good, as when the medicine man was called in to do his part. But we must not condemn them, for they lived up to the light they had. And now that we are re-adopting this beautiful custom of dedicating a new home, let us see to it that we live up to the light we have."

The shower passed during the program. At its conclusion we took up the singing of another hymn while marching around the two school buildings and back to the new home. It was an inspiring sight as we looked back upon the crowd, all dressed in their Sunday best. The deep voices of the men and boys in the rear came rolling in like heavy breakers on the beach.

"Why haven't we done this before?" queried some.

"We must do it again," said others.

Another custom which we may soon adopt is that of bringing the young bride to the Great Spirit and the family Spirit for an introduction and a blessing at the time of the marriage. The Head of the Kraal says as he presents the new member: "Here is our new daughter, O Great Spirit. Bless her and protect her. Help her to be happy here with us. May she know how to give as well as to receive and to be a real daughter in the family."

After Ten Years

WHAT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN MERGER HAS MEANT TO THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

By John R. Scotford

WHEN a group of 100,000 people unite with a group of 900,000 people it is inevitable that many of the latter will be only dimly conscious that anything has happened. This natural pre-occupation of the larger group has been further accentuated by the fact that the former Christian churches "come in bunches." In a given locality they are either numerous or else non-existent. The result is that in large areas of our fellowship the merger has been largely a mystifying change in the denominational nomenclature.

In other areas, however, the merger has completely transformed the ecclesiastical landscape so far as the Congregational churches are concerned. In Virginia we were practically non-existent, in North Carolina a scanty band—and now we are a mighty host! In Indiana the Congregational churches were found in a few cities, the Christian churches in the open country and in numerous towns; together they are an effective and properly balanced fellowship. In Ohio the strength of the Congregational churches declined in direct proportion to the distance from Oberlin—but now our fellowship covers the state. The merger greatly enriched the fellowship on both sides of the house in Southern Illinois, Georgia and Alabama, while the former Christian churches brought new elements into the denomination in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and Iowa. The merger has added Delaware to the list of the states where we are effectively present.

When the union of the two denominations was first projected it was not expected that the life of the local churches would be greatly disturbed. One of the surprises of the merger has been the number of congregations which have gone together. Wherever local churches have been able to meet on a basis approaching equality, they have united! This has been particularly true in Ohio, where churches have merged at Conneaut, Lima, Fort Recovery, Columbus, Springfield and in some smaller communities. The moral seems to be that local churches welcome an excuse to join with one another.

The merger has enlarged the horizon of the Congregational churches by making them conscious of a number of interesting institutions. Elon College in North Carolina is one school which is unashamed of its ecclesi-

Lucy Eldredge in action at the Marietta, Ohio, Young People's Conference

astical affiliation and which is glad to serve as a gracious host to all manner of denominational gatherings. Defiance College in Ohio offers Christian education on terms which are tempting to the frugal and also entertains summer conferences with great joy. Merom Institute is a reborn child of the merger where we are experimenting with new ways of meeting the problems of the rural churches of Indiana and Illinois. Southern Union College at Wadley, Alabama, has opened a door of opportunity for service in one of the most appealing sections of the South. The Craigville summer assembly grounds on Cape Cod have been called "the surprise package of the merger."

From the point of view of the larger fellowship of the denomination, possibly the most significant gift of the former Christian churches has been in the personalities which they have contributed to our common life. The first national president of the Pilgrim Fellowship came from the former Christian church as have a goodly number of other lay leaders. It would be impossible to list the pastors of today or the staunch souls of yesterday who have helped to build the united church, but something should be said of those who are now serving in official capacities. In his position as head of the General Christian Convention and ex-officio assistant moderator of the General Council, Judge John V. Sees is a tower of good humor and parliamentary skill. The Council

will never get into serious mischief so long as he is around. In a world of change Judge Sees typifies the permanent. Few leaders of youth are more beloved than Miss Lucy Eldredge, while no mere man can appraise the share which her good-humored resourcefulness had in the building of the Pilgrim Fellowship. Although technically retired, Warren H. Dennison is still welcome in the churches as a warm-hearted and genial advocate of Stewardship. In Pennsylvania Superintendent Wilson P. Minton is conducting a test-tube demonstration of church union by fusing an exceedingly variegated group of churches into an effective working state conference. In Indiana Superintendent Simon Bennett has gone about unobtrusively but persistently building city, town and rural churches into a common fellowship. Both of these men have accomplished the seemingly impossible. In the deep South Superintendent William T. Scott spreads himself from North Georgia to Key West looking after all sorts and conditions of churches. He is ably assisted by Miss Pattie Lee Coghill, one of the first fruits of the merger, who is loved in the South and admired in the North. In Virginia and North Carolina Fletcher C. Lester is quickening the life of the churches, particularly along missionary lines, in his capacity as a secretary of the Southern Convention. President Leon

Brown's Chapel near Spies, North Carolina, is typical of hundreds of rural Christian churches

Smith of Elon has added to the good humor and Christian zeal of the united fellowship, while Director Shirley Greene of Merom is outgrowing his former designation as "a promising young man" into a resourceful leader.

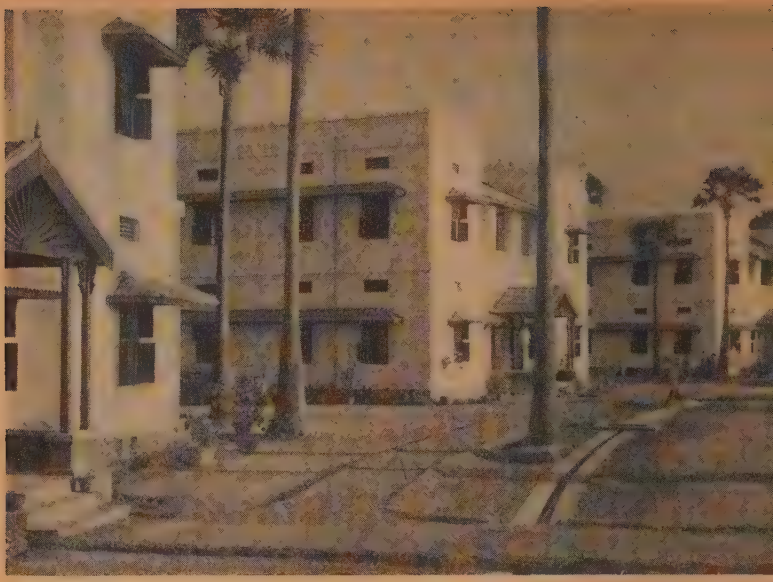
One of the significant characteristics of these men and women is that their friends tend to call them by their first names. The strength of the former Christian denomination lay in its family spirit. Everybody knew everybody else. Through these leaders something of this personal intimacy has passed over into the larger group. The former Christians have had a distinctly humanizing effect on the Congregationalists!

The ultimate significance of the Congregational Christian merger probably lies in the future. By shaking us up and loosening our ecclesiastical joints it has given us excellent preparation for further adventures in church union. Church boards resist change; their officers tend to become the slaves of things as they are. They need to be reorganized at least once a decade! The merger has also started the meaningless and altogether too polysyllabic name "Congregational" toward the discard. Our churches will be better off when they choose for themselves some simpler and less sectarian-sounding designation.

Church Union was one of the fundamental teachings of the

Elon College is proud to be the child of the Christian churches of Virginia and North Carolina

former Christian denomination. The only trouble with the Congregational Christian merger is that it did not involve enough churches. Too many congregations are jogging along as they have always done. Those who have participated in the union have found it good. It has whetted their appetite for bigger and better denominational mergers.



The Three New Dormitories of the Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial High School

Twelve Hundred Indian Girls

In 1835 the American Board opened its first school for girls in Madura, India. Out of the labors of 105 years have come two allied institutions: the Capron Hall Training School, a practice school including all grades from the nursery school up to high school with an enrolment of 748; and the Orlinda Childs Pierce Memorial High School with 484 students.

Tiny tots come to the nursery school mostly from the more well-to-do classes. Some of the kindergarten children are ragged and dirty, coming from very humble and poor homes, some from moderately well-to-do homes. In a game the daughter of the rich and influential often chooses the son or daughter of the very poor and humble for her partner. The Brahman and the outcaste fellowship together under the very eyes of the parents.

There are many Hindus in the schools. Christ comes to mean so much to them that many are in the position of the beautiful Hindu girl who left this message with us on the day of her departure. "The Christian religion

is my real faith. There is no other religion that means anything to me." She is one of many who are not, perhaps cannot be, Christian in *name* but who are nevertheless Christians in their hearts and in their minds.

Some of the girls who live at home walk to school, and in these days a girl may even walk alone although this is not yet very common. Some come in jutkas (native carts) and some in private cars. Many come in our school busses. The girls know that the bus cannot wait for anyone if it is to pick up 100 girls on its trips, so everybody is ready on time and standing in the doorway with books in hand. At night it is thrilling to see with what expectancy and joy each child is awaited at home.

The girls who live in the school come from outside of the city. School accommodations are very simple—a little rug to spread on the floor at night, a pillow and a covering sheet for bed and bedding. A tin box serves as suitcase for traveling and for dresser and clothes closet in the school. In our newer hostels for our older girls chairs and study tables and some closet space are provided. The dining room, too, is very simple. Girls sit on the floor around low tables. The girls care for their school as if it were their home. Cooks are practically their only helpers.

Capron Hall Girls have distinguished themselves in many ways. The foremost Indian doctor in our hospital for women and children at Madura is Grace Kennett, who has served that institution for twenty-two years. She was educated at Capron Hall. She is one of many girls who are helping India through their knowledge of medicine.

Mary George is a dentist practicing in the city of Madura, probably the only woman dentist in the Madras Presidency.

Hannah Barker is one of five who, after their medical courses, were placed in charge of the five Baby Welfare Centers in Madura.

In the city of Madura the head of the largest Mission High School for Hindu girls is Miss Nesamani Paul, the first Capron Hall girl to get a college degree. She represents thousands who have served in the profession of teaching in South India. More than ninety per cent of the teachers of all the schools in our large Madura Mission area were trained in Capron Hall. In addition there are the educated wives and mothers in positions of large influence as well as many humble women who are serving their country in their homes.

Over 5000 graduates have gone out as leaders in their communities. But even with this splendid record the great majority of the masses making up India's millions have been untouched by Christian influence or by education in any form.

New Methods on New Frontiers

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

WHEN the Federal Government began its vast program of developing electric power, controlling floods, reclaiming land and resettling populations it opened a new frontier to the churches. At 120 projects they have followed the people to resettlement homesteads, irrigation tracts and construction camps. The home mission boards, working together in the Home Missions Council, have helped the local people set up a single community church at several places.

New projects are studied by a special committee of the boards.

The men who build dams are a sturdy lot

A field worker helps the local people to make plans. A church is started and a pastor is selected. Local community initiative and supervision by the denominational leaders of the state in which the project is located are encouraged in all cases. Money to aid the enterprise is contributed by the several boards.

Boulder Dam is a good example. Near this remarkable engineering achievement Boulder City was laid out on the open desert before a house was built. The Federal Government zoned the surrounding area to prevent speculation. The result is seen in clean streets and excellent sanitation. It is a good place to live.

Although no land is for sale the government leased a plot to the Community Church. With the help of small grants from several mission boards a substantial building was erected. The Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian officials serving adjacent areas helped the church select a pastor. Membership in the church is on the basis of a very simple covenant. Questions of sacraments and doctrine are interpreted liberally with provision for differences of opinion. The thriving Sunday school has outgrown its quarters and needs more space.

In the desert new communities are springing up

Grand Coulee, a power and land reclamation project on the Columbia River in Washington, has a community church under the direction of the denominational state leaders with Claton S. Rice as chairman. The government took no responsibility for planning, except to house the engineers employed by the Conservation Service. Several sprawling towns vie for the workers' patronage. Real estate speculation brought expensive housing and bad living conditions. Vice, gambling and slums abound.

A small sum from each of the coöperating boards and a great amount of labor by the local people have resulted in a church and parsonage built by the workers in their spare time. They are still adding to them here and there —a homemade altar, a basement finished with corrugated packing boxes and a four-room parsonage which began with one room.

The TVA community at Norris, Tennessee, has the best housing at any of the projects. The church meets in the substantial community house at the center of things. It has sought to catch the significance of its environment. Intense thinking on the basic theories of society is in progress through forums, discussion groups and sermons. At a recent meeting of rural church leaders with officials of the TVA the engineers, as well as the top executives, expounded the human values: improved rural schools, coöperatives for consumers of electricity, soil conservation, reorientation of resettled populations and social privileges for disadvantaged people.

The lessons in coöperation learned by the churches in these new towns may ultimately point the way toward the solution of some of the problems of our older communities.

Foreign Flashes

They Give What They Have

The District Conference of Eastern Mindanao in the Philippines has recommended setting aside not only God's acre, but God's trees, God's pigs and God's chickens! "We suggest" ran the report, "that every member have fruit trees of some kind growing and producing as a symbol that he is bearing much fruit." And these dedicated pigs, trees, gardens and chickens are used to support the churches. Some churches raised their budgets by stripping abaca and selling it. Abaca is used to make what we call hemp rope. Another group raised coconuts and each family dedicated certain coconut trees to the church for their pledge, as well as money, rice, chickens and eggs.

Have You Colored Bible Pictures?

"I am the only Christian teacher in a local government elementary school which serves a community of 3000 Hindus," writes a young man to Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Nichols of Batlagundu, India. "No Christian work whatever is being done amongst them. I am eager to tell them of the Gospel. Please pray for me and my wife." This young man asked the Nichols if they could find American friends who would send out colored Bible pictures which he might use in his volunteer evangelistic work among the people. If you have any, send them along.

Hungry Little Stomachs

A Chinese pastor once said of the children under his care: "Sometimes they are a comfort and sometimes they are a headache!" At 6.30 in the morning children flock from far and wide over Foochow city to the Fairy Bridge compound, once the home of the Women's Bible School, but now used as a relief station. These youngsters sweep, dust, pull weeds, rake, water flowers and try to keep things looking neat. Roll call is at seven—and then they go forward by leaps and bounds to the dining room! The bowls are filled, the blessing said, and pangs of hunger appeased in little stomachs. Next they sing and study until at 11 the "birds" roar overhead. The dugout isn't big enough for all. Soon skinny bodies fill out and improved health is manifested in mischievousness. Practically none of the children have both parents, and many of them are orphans. The Women's Bible School is carrying on this life saving work.

Kagawa "Retires"

According to information from the International Christian Press Toyohiko Kagawa has retired from public life. His release, together with that of his associate, Mr. Ogawa, pastor of the church in which Kagawa was preaching when arrested, is reported as "unconditional." Kagawa has decided that he must no longer subject his friends and auditors to suspicion and danger, runs the news item, and will spend the next few months in quiet writing and studying the problems of tuberculosis on the Island of Toyoshima where he is trying to develop a coöperative Christian sanatorium and colony for tuberculosis patients from all over the Japanese empire.

How Green Is Their Valley?

Hard work in the hot sun at brick kiln or in the fields, followed by supper to cook. That is the life of most of the women in the outcaste communities near Manamadura, India. Yet they want to study. Weary bodies, heavy eyes, they pour over their lessons so that they may learn to read the Bible. For women too old to learn a set of clapping songs has been devised—Bible stories set to music. Says Mrs. Emmons White, "They love to do these in the silver moonlight of a soft Indian night. Can you imagine them in a circle, clapping their hands, swaying their bodies, moving their feet, as they sing the Ten Commandments or the story of the birth of Jesus?" Mrs. White specialized in work with these women, both Hindu and Moslem. She finds the Hindu women more responsive to direct Christian truths but the Moslem women pathetically eager for friendship.

One in Christ

A bell chimed. The great throng was quiet. Floor and balcony of Webb Memorial Church, Madura, India, were crowded with white gowned men, the lovely flowerlike colors of women's saris, little children and dark eyed babies. "The Church's One Foundation" thundered from the organ as up the aisle came a white-robed choir, the new Anglican Bishop in robes of red and gold and pastors of all the Christian churches in Madura. In the shadow of the great stone gopurams of mighty Meenatchi Hindu temple stands this Christian church. For a union service there came not only Indians of all creeds, but Englishmen, Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. workers. Down upon this reverent throng looked the tender face of the Good Shepherd from the memorial window. Each day many who pass drop in to gaze for a moment on this beautiful picture. "If ye love me, feed my lambs," it seems to say.

Finns Flourish in Minnesota

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

We're proud that we are Finns, but glad that we live in Minnesota and not Finland! Everybody expects us to be brave and to know how to fight, but we are satisfied to live in a land where they shoot deer and not men.

Father says that the only difference between northern Minnesota and Finland is that in Finland the soil is better. There is an abundance of woods, rocks, lakes and cold weather in both places. But Finns have always had to work hard to keep warm, so we're used to it. Sometimes the American boys make fun of our big barns and little houses, but mother just laughs. "We don't heat the barn, but we do the house," she explains. "Why burn piles of wood warming up a lot of room you do not use? Finns have always had to live close to one another. We don't quarrel as much as most people, probably because we do not talk so much!"

Mother says that the cold weather makes Finns extra hungry. She always has some coffee on the stove to warm up anybody who may come along. There just aren't any lean and hungry Finns. We're square-built, and inclined to be plump.

Taking a bath is when we Finns really have a good time. There isn't room in most of our homes for the sort of baths that we take, and so we have a special bath house out behind. Ours has two rooms in it; one where you undress and the other for the bath. In the latter there is a stove covered with big stones. When the fire is real hot we pour cold water on the stones, and of course it turns into steam. Beside the stove is a series of steps on which you can sit. The higher up you go the more steam you take in with your breath and the hotter you get. Usually several people take a bath together. The first breath of steam feels funny but when you have the steam both on the inside and the outside you are not uncomfortable. Of course they keep pouring more water on the stones. You are supposed to hit yourself with evergreen twigs. The best part of the bath comes afterward when you go out into a cold room —or better yet, run and roll over

in the snow. When you are hot both inside and out, cold feels fine! And you are clean within and without!

We Finns are proud of Cloquet where we go to shop and to church, and where a quarter of the people are Finns. The town burned down in 1918 and when it was rebuilt everything was made straight and clean.

We do most of our shopping in the big coöperative store which sells over a million dollars' of goods a year. The windows aren't as pretty or the aisles so wide as in the department stores in Duluth, which is only twenty miles away, but we are proud of it because it is *our* store. We Finns own it and we get the profits. But that isn't the only advantage. Mother says that in most stores they are trying to sell you what they want to get rid of but that in the co-op the business of the clerks is to get *you* what *you* want. We do not pay for salesmanship but for helpfulness.

We are also proud of our Finnish Congregational Church in Cloquet because almost everybody helped build it. People call it a little cathedral. We support it by putting money in the collection plate and by bringing wood for the pile out behind. Mr. Tuomisto, the minister, preaches in many other places besides Cloquet. He also conducts string orchestras in the homes on week nights. Finns love all sorts of music. Then in the summer time he runs several Daily Vacation Bible Schools where we children learn Bible stories, songs and other things.

We only wish that the Finns in Finland could have more of the good things that make us happy in Minnesota.

Snug, tar paper houses on the edge of the woods appeal to the Finns

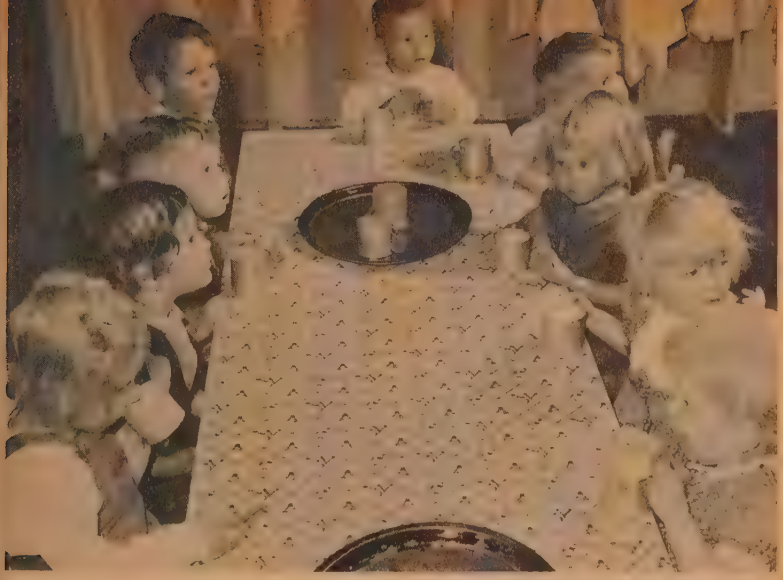
Social Action in California

By Wilfred Withington
Pastor at Santa Rosa, California

RELIEF, job hunting, co-ops, migrants, interracialism, internationalism, social idealism, these are all one opportunity to the churches—an opportunity to enjoy fellowship. Business and politics seem to have reached a point where they are largely dominated by machinery. We cannot escape our part in that. But, thank God, free churches may still operate as homes. Several Santa Rosa Church Homes have had a happy neighborhood project together, in getting acquainted with migrant families. This was impossible for us until our federal government made a permanent camp for the migrants near here. The building of this camp was opposed by some who think that their advantage lies in keeping themselves organized and their workers unorganized. So cleverly did this group manipulate public expression that the impression was made that the whole community was against this camp. But when the churches began passing clothing to their migrant friends, they made a discovery. They found that a great many people were friendly to giving the migrant people as much opportunity as possible. Every week during the past summer, some of our church people have visited with the folks at the Windsor Camp.

One evening, at a meeting in this camp, we discovered that a majority of the families present had clung to their Bibles although almost every other possession had been left back in the dust bowl. At the end of the summer these people gave a goat barbecue in honor of some Santa Rosa ministers and their families and helpers. At Christmas time our church people were again invited out to share festivities. A migrant boy sang solos in two of our churches at Christmas time.

After this experience in Santa Rosa, one wonders how many community concerns have been decided by influential commercial groups with no expression of opinion from the grange, labor unions, churches, co-ops or the year-round political organizations. Even the same persons, united to apply their religious and political ideals, might express themselves differently than when they gather together to pump up pressure for some industrial enterprise. When we have tried hard enough, even our little church forum has precipitated a more representative public opinion from sleepy non-profit groups than that of any mammon-managed minorities. One such forum considered the Ludlow Amendment and similar bills in Congress. Within a week the



Farm Security Administration photo by Rothstein

Children of migrant workers in the nursery of the government camp at Shafter, Cal.

circle of interest and action included the labor council, young people, grange, co-op, as well as others in the community.

Our various local churches have had fellowship in regular visits to our County Hospital. There seem to be great possibilities for developing more effective community consciousness in planning for a county hospital large enough to care, at cost, for those of us who are fighting to keep off relief, yet cannot possibly pay for private hospital service.

Our church folks have had fellowship in obtaining signatures to several temperance initiative petitions, in union meetings, vacation schools and days of prayer together. Thus the blessed unity of the churches has opened glorious vistas which do not in any way invade the private preferences essential to the deeper devotional development of some of us. Our local Congregational Church had the honor of furnishing meeting quarters for two weeks for a team of young people sent into our city in the interest of world peace. These intelligent, enthusiastic, well-poised representatives were a credit to the Society of Friends.

This is a couple of pages from Social Action *for February 15, which deals with "The Church in Santa Rosa." The complete booklet can be secured from the Council for Social Action at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York, for fifteen cents.*

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

RECESSIONAL OF CHOIR IN PASTOR WANG'S CHURCH

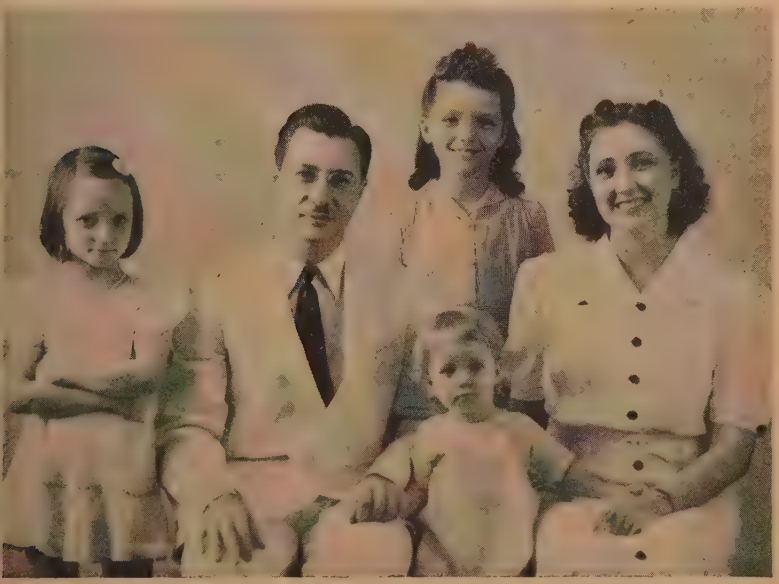
A building with "simplicity and ruggedness of interior" says Robbins Strong, describing Rev. P. H. Wang's church in Peking here photographed by Earle H. Ballou. Mr. Wang stands before the chancel. No soft seats—indirect lighting—no feeling of false security, says Mr. Strong, but "real security in worship. There is fellowship in this church. One feels himself a part of the greater Christian Church."

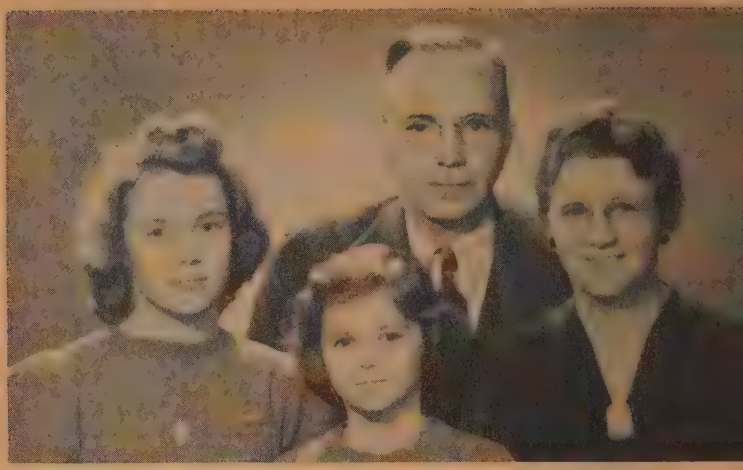
The "Window" in the rear is a temporary decoration planned by Mrs. Ernest T. Shaw and executed by a Chinese Yu Ying teacher.

Mr. Wang was in America last year as a member of Dr. Douglas Horton's International Congregational Seminar. He reports good attendance, more Bible classes—and rapidly increasing costs in living. "People nowadays ask great questions of life," says Pastor Wang.

RAISE CHURCH BUDGET BY SWEAT OF BROW

Jimenez church, near Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, gets its income by reaping rice a day and a half for 20% of the amount gathered, or around $12.50. Moderator Villanueva wears black tie and Evangelist Maximo Cruzado is at his left. Both are graduates of Silliman University College of Theology, says Dean James F. McKinley shown below with Mrs. McKinley, Edith (standing), Phyllis (left) and Mary. Other churches strip abaca or hemp to buy organs and church bells. The McKinleys are the representatives of the Bureau Rock River Association of Illinois, including First Church, Moline and Galesburg; they also represent Stamford, Conn.





THE HUNTERS OF TUNGHSIEN

Temporarily separated—Rev. and Mrs. James A. Hunter (le
Jean (center) and Phyllis Ann. James R. is a student at Swar
more. Mrs. Hunter is now in Peoria, Ill. with the girls, doing Ch
tian education work in her supporting church, First Federated. M
Hunter is on the job in North China.

READY FOR SERVICE

Graduating Class of Taiku Hospital, North China (1940)—Fr
row, left to right: Chao I—Head Nurse Men's Hospital; Dr. Miao
Sheng, Superintendent; Isabel Hemingway, Head Nurse.

A TRIO IN AFRICA

Efficiently on the job in Africa—left to right: Theresa R. Buck, R.N., Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, Mt. Silinda, East Africa, special representative of Connecticut women; Evelyn M. Lyman, teacher in Mt. Silinda Institute, representative of First Church, Pawtucket, R. I.; and Mrs. John P. Dysart, of Chikore, representative of the churches in Maine.

Photo by Arthur J. Orner

CAUTIOUS CURIOSITY

"What makes it go?" says young Africa-in-the-raw as he gets a good, but guarded look at the engine in the car of Arthur J. Orner, Chikore, East Africa.

Worshippers must cross this "home-made" bridge to get to the Bazile Creek Church

Carrying on at Santee

By Phillip Francis Frazier

I SERVE five points every month. On Sunday I begin by conducting a worship service at ten at Santee, Nebraska. At eleven o'clock Mrs. Frazier continues with the Sunday school while I drive twelve miles to another service at the Bazile Creek Church. This is the oldest church on the Sioux Mission field. As it is located where no one lives, the people have to cross the creek on a high, swinging, home-made bridge and then walk quarter of a mile.

Once a month I travel or hundred miles west to Pond Creek Church where I condu an English service for the your people in the community. Twi a month I serve a group Indians who have moved Niobrara, Nebraska, to secu employment or to educate the children. A good number ha attended these meetings whi

are held in private homes. On the fourth Sunday we go to Bloomfield Church where we serve the white people. This opportunity has opened an outlet for ministering with our music.

Every Friday afternoon we give Bible instruction to the children at the district school near the Bazile Creek Church. They attend Sunday school during the summer, but in the winter the road and bridge are dangerous and unsafe. The school board of this school are all Indian men.

Three of our churches have women's missionary societies. Mrs. Frazier supplies quilt pieces for each group and attends the two nearest groups. The Santee women meet every Wednesday all day. The Bazile Creek women meet twice a month. Sewing children's clothes and making quilts are their chief source of income. They make money to help finance the Native Missionary Society.

Mrs. Frazier is at home to all the women at Santee. They come to her for clothing, to make calls for the doctor, for medicine, to give first aid or to talk over their many problems. We are very thankful to all who have sent supplies during the year. Many of our women are very expert in making over clothing to fit their needs. I am called to help settle family disputes. The large dormitories across the road have been turned into apartments and have thrown large families closer together. This makes many problems. In the past election I was elected justice of peace. I have served as the chairman of the Santee Recreational Association for the past three years. We sponsor movies in our chapel once a week. The prices are as low as ten cents for adults and five cents for children. To encourage the pupils to be more regular at school, free tickets are given for perfect attendance each week.

The Ponca Creek Church and parsonage are in the open country

Oxen and big wheeled carts abound in rural Mexico

Mexico — Our "One Woman Mission"

UNDER the heading "Mexico Mission" in the American Board Year Book there appears just one name—Miss Margarita Wright. But Miss Wright is vastly more than the lone remnant of the considerable number of missionaries who once served south of the Rio Grande. She was born in Mexico of missionary parents, which confers upon her unusual privileges as well as guaranteeing her fluency with the language and a *simpatico* attitude towards things Mexican. After graduating from Northfield and Mt. Holyoke and a three year period teaching in Spain, she was appointed a missionary to Mexico in 1915—just when the country was becoming embroiled in a series of revolutions. She has been there through most of the more or less tempestuous years which have followed.

Working with her are five pastors, a social worker and many active lay people. In Guadalajara and at Mazatlan

A Mexican pastor and layman

on the west coast are vigorous and growing churches. From them laymen carry the Christian message to the surrounding towns in which there are five organized churches. In Guadalajara we have a day nursery and a playground. The young people delight in discussing such lively matters as war and peace.

In Latin lands the men are much more easily reached by the evangelical churches than are the women, partly because the latter are more loyal to their ancestral church and partly because of the seclusion of their homes.

Miss Wright reports a women's missionary meeting in which the pastor's wife asked the others to tell how they became Protestants. Their reasons were impressive. Some were brought up in Protestant homes. Some had been led into the evangelical church by their husbands. One had struggled with a new point of view until at last it brought her a joy which she had never known before. Others had first been attracted by the kindliness of their Protestant neighbors.

The ability of the Mexican churches to get along with the help of only one person from abroad is proof of the good work which was done by the missionaries of other days.

A Prairie Parish

A Prairie Parish

By Amel Whitwer, Cando, North Dakota

I COVER a parish about fifty miles long. As I drive across these prairies, I watch the gophers, rabbits, and the prairie chickens dart in and out among the tall grasses and the stalks of wheat. It's a good country for the little animals. The coloring of the sky at sunset time, the brightness of the fall prairie flowers, the frost on the weeds—each has a beauty not to be rivaled elsewhere.

Many changes have come in the short time that the white man has lived here. I never pass a vacant house out on the prairie—and there are many of them—but that I feel something of the hope and the disappointments, the love and the sorrows, the laughter and the tears that it once knew. And now the people have gone, leaving what was once their home, a lonesome thing on the plains. The ragged clump of lilac shows the care they put into it. Abandoned houses ought to be buried!

But the country isn't dead. It is very much alive and seeking a better way of living. Picking my way around the snowdrifts on a plowed field I found the home to which I had been called because a child was sick. Another time, driving along the waving wheat, trying to dodge stones and ruts, I came to the home of an old couple. He was very sick. They were pioneers and soon he would answer the call of the "Pioneer of Life" and go out adventuring again. In each case the home became a shrine for baptism or for Communion. Here the church must go out to the people more often than in more thickly settled communities. It feels strange to be the first minister to enter many homes, some of them long established.

Chapel Time at Dillard

By Grace D. Orr of Lincoln, Nebraska

I ARRIVED unannounced and unattended, with ten minutes to spare before the hour for Monday morning chapel at Dillard University. My first impression, as I left the bus at the handsome wrought-iron gate, was of the shrub-enclosed campus, spacious and well-groomed, and of eight or more buildings at some distance from the entrance, well-spaced in more or less of a semi-circle—an impression of something very new and at the same time completely finished. Walking up the curved driveway, I had time to notice the dignified and harmonious architecture of the buildings and the beautiful landscaping about the grounds.

Approaching what appeared to be the main hall, I inquired from a small group of girls sitting on the steps the way to the chapel. One of them answered pleasantly, "Go right ahead, ma'am; through that door and up some more steps and you are there." I followed her directions, but paused a minute at the closed inner door for a class was there in session; then slipped into a rear seat. The instructor was delivering his lecture pacing back and forth across the wide platform. It proved to be a chemistry class and he was talking about substances that weigh more after being burned up than they did before, believe it or not. Soon the gong rang, note-books banged shut, one hand that had been raised to indicate a question came down, the teacher made an assignment, and hubbub reigned just as on any other campus.

Retaining my seat in the rear, I watched the class disband, hurriedly leaving the front seats to meet and mingle with the incoming group, coming rather reluctantly it seemed, for the campus without was bathed in beauty and sunshine. Eager eyes sought out the one with whom their owner wished to sit; boy climbing rather unceremoniously in front of those already seated in order to be near girl, exactly as on any coeducational campus.

A young woman, wearing spectacles and with a pile of papers under her arm, seated herself in the back row two seats from me. I leaned over to ask whether seats were assigned and was I in someone's place. Thereupon she moved over to the adjoining seat, assured me that I was quite in order, and showed me the printed program for the week. Then became engrossed in her papers, exactly as any busy faculty member might become engrossed with papers even at chapel time.

The students nearly filled the auditorium. There were three

hundred or more, I judged, mostly smooth-haired, and dressed in good collegiate taste. Only a very few seemed to have assembled various items of apparel without regard to suitability and color harmony. Most of the girls wore something vivid, exactly as any brunette would do.

The chairman, whom I took to be a member of the faculty—perhaps the acting president—made several announcements in a low conversational tone. Had there been any whispering or other disturbance I could not have heard him. One announcement was that Juniors and Seniors wishing to discuss job possibilities would meet at four that afternoon. Also, all who wished to visit an exhibition of modern art were requested to sign up at the noon hour. The cost to be fourteen cents for bus fare, round trip. The final announcement was that the hymn would be omitted! That was a disappointment, for I very much wanted to hear those students sing. That, I felt, would *not* sound exactly like any student group singing a chapel hymn.

There was a short reading from an unidentified author who urged the importance of open-mindedness, but with discrimination; open to truth, but closed to creeds and traditions. He suggested that in each generation, the heretic is likely to be the guardian of truth. This reading was followed by an even shorter prayer, a single petition that each student might use his or her mind in the right way.

The address of the morning was given by a teacher in the mathematics department; his subject "Science and National Defense." He was evidently a popular teacher. The students were alert to every word. His ready humor met with ready response. One girl sitting several rows ahead, laughed as heartily with her shoulders as with her voice. The speaker's thought boiled down to this: If you don't want to be a ditch-digger if and when war comes, be prepared to make some scientific contribution toward defense. There was no attempt to arouse emotions of patriotism, but his words could not fail to arouse ambition to render the kind of service that trained minds can render to their country in time of need.

What, I wondered, will be their country's answer to the youth of Dillard? In *Social Action* of January 15, I read that "both in training and employment in defense industries, Negroes are being refused opportunities." Would they learn of this at their afternoon discussion of possible jobs awaiting them, or would their first experience upon leaving their beautiful campus be one of disillusionment?

My time was gone; thoughtfully I boarded my car taking a

seat nearest the door. Then I noticed the sign, "This seat reserved for colored patrons." So I moved forward. Oh, yes, words can be ever so polite! "Places in the ditch-diggers row reserved for Dillard graduates, unless there be by chance a real genius among them." There might be a seat at the top for him. That's one seat in life's car not invariably reserved for "White patrons only." But what for the other two hundred and ninety-nine, the typical boy and girl like your friends and my daughter?

I am almost glad I didn't hear that hymn. They might have sung the artistic equivalent of "We'll be happy, by and by; when we die, by and by," or again they *might* have sung about America, the beautiful, "crowned with brotherhood," or "no North or South, but one great fellowship of love"—and I don't think that I could have "taken it"—not while on a January holiday in old N'Orleans!

After Seven Years in the Orient

By a missionary just landing

San Francisco at last! Land of plenty and generosity! Land of safety and peace! Of freedom and home! White people, all speaking English. Everybody going places. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Clang! Clang! Clang! Street cars, motor cars, dashing crowds. Keep moving or the lights will change!

Radio in the car while you move; radio in the living room while you play bridge; radio in the next room while you try to sleep. Norman Thomas on the air at seven; Willkie at seven-thirty; Roosevelt at eight. "We'll keep you out of war; we'll defend American institutions; we'll save Democracy."

New F.B.I. disclosures; John L. Lewis speaks to the C.I.O. Ballad of America: "Meet the people," and laugh at America. Congregationalists hold National Convention at Berkeley. Ice Follies; Aquacade; buy new clothes; improve your lipstick; get a permanent; chew gum and get into the great American rhythm. Above all, don't be different and so disgrace your friends. Visit and talk and be Exhibit A on China.

Search the papers for news on China's war and tragedies and America's part in Japanese aggression. No, we are in a presidential election, and peacetime conscription has the headlines. Speak to a women's meeting where the last important topic has been "Flower Arrangement." Can they bear to hear that undaunted China is being bled to death while America

placidly makes money as Japan's arsenal?

They listen, are moved for the fleeting moment, and want to help. But how? One woman says, "Give me a blank check to fill out, for tomorrow I may forget."

Board the "Challenger" for a three days' journey to Minneapolis. Surely here there will be privacy in a Pullman, silence behind a book, relaxation among strangers and time to listen, look and think. Watch the great panorama of America rush by, great open spaces, orange groves and desert, forests and plains, cities and villages, factories and schools, homes and churches, country clubs in the suburbs, crowded tenements along the tracks, men rushing to work, Oakies, worried, looking for work.

Where is the freedom to think—with no time or quiet to relax; or to find peace—with no privacy; or chance to build for the future—with no security; or the old desire to help the world—with isolationism?

Is this at last the America of my dream?

One thing I wish I could feel—(I haven't yet)—and that is that *the Church* is playing a vital part in the life of America!

Personals

Rev. and Mrs. Stephen P. Hieb, recently of the Marathi Mission of the American Board have accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Clark, South Dakota, and have begun work there.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hieb started their missionary service in Ceylon, he as a teacher in Jaffna College and she as Superintendent of Nurses in the McLeod Hospital at Inuvil. Mr. Hieb went from Ceylon to Sholapur, India, to take charge of the large Criminal Tribe Settlement which was then under the charge of the Marathi Mission but has recently been taken over by the government.

During his ten years in charge of this institution many hundreds of members of the Criminal Tribes became lawabiding citizens and a number of them have become trusted leaders in the Christian community.

The warm best wishes of many friends in India and America follow Mr. and Mrs. Hieb into their new work.

Rev. Caesar Sylvester Ledbetter celebrated his 20th anniversary as pastor of the Plymouth Church of Charleston, South Carolina, on February 16. This is a vigorous, self-supporting church in the heart of the most picturesque city of the South. He has been a director of the Board of Home Missions since 1934 and is at present chairman of the Church Extension Division Committee. His son, Theodore S. Ledbetter, is pastor of the Plymouth Church of Louisville which conducts a wide range of social activities. His daughter is the wife of J. Roosevelt Jenkins, for many years principal of Dorchester Academy.

Rev. F. W. Gross began a pastorate in the German churches of Lodi and Elk Grove, California, on November 9. Mr. Gross has just returned from Argentina where he has served for six years. He has also served pastorates in Canada and North Dakota. He is a Russian by birth; received his training in Carleton, University of North Dakota and Redfield Seminary. He is married and has four children.

Rev. Elmer E. Erickson leaves the Congregational church at Newell, South Dakota, after serving South Dakota churches since 1929, to accept a call to the church at Scribner, Nebraska.

Rev. William M. Hall leaves the church at Priest River, Idaho, after a pastorate of over four years, to accept a call to the church at Walsenburg, Colorado.

We would correct a misstatement in our December issue regarding an honor recently conferred upon **Dr. Charlotte B. DeForest** of Kobe College. We reported that it was the Sixth Order of the Sacred Treasure. It was even better—it was the Fifth Order. Miss DeForest is the first foreign woman to receive this high honor.

Another correction is necessary; it is made by Dr. E. W. Peet of New York City who was a classmate of **Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith's** at Yale. The year of graduation was 1886, not 1880 as reported in our December issue.

We also should have said in that issue that **Dr. George Hinman** was a member of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, New York City, at the time of his death—as he had been since 1926.

Chronicle

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Mrs. Stanley D. Wilson of the North China Mission, accompanied by her two daughters.

Miss Mabel I. Huggins of the North China Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. William Hazen of the Marathi Mission, beginning in February, 1941, with a view to retirement.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Azel A. Martin sailed from San Francisco, February 28, returning to the Madura Mission; **Miss Thelma M. Flint,** joining the Madura Mission; **Rev. and Mrs. Winfield Q. Swart,** returning to the Marathi Mission.

Miss Grace H. Stowe sailed from San Francisco, March 7, returning to the Japan Mission.

ARRIVAL ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Alvin H. Scaff in Dansalan, Philippine Islands, December 29, 1940, joining the Philippines Mission.

ARRIVAL FROM THE FIELD

Miss Olive S. Hoyt of Matsuyama, Japan, in Los Angeles, January 19.

DEATH

Rev. George M. Rowland, D.D., member of the Japan Mission 1886–1930, in Auburndale, Massachusetts, March 13.

In Memoriam

Agnes Donald Gordon. Born in Andover, Massachusetts, September 3, 1852, returning to America in October 1940, after sixty-eight years in Japan, priding herself on being called a Black Dissenter, it was, nevertheless, altogether fitting to have the service for Mrs. Gordon on the last day of the old year, held in All Saints Church, Pasadena.

Dr. Yuasa says: "Gordon is a great name with us. To have been the partner of Dr. Gordon is in itself a distinction." And this is what she was.

He gave himself, absolutely, for Christ and His Church, in the land of his choice, and although he only lived until the turn of the century, she kept on until the end of an era.

At their last general convention in Tokyo, the Kumiai Church passed a vote of thanks to her. When the Gordons arrived in 1872 there were no Kumiai churches. Neesima had not returned from his sojourn abroad. There were no Christian schools. The Constitution had not been promulgated. The edicts against Christianity were still in force.

In Osaka, and in Kyoto, Mrs. Gordon was a partner in the pioneer days. For nearly a quarter of a century she continued as an active worker after his death. Making her home with one or the other of her two daughters, she still remained in Japan, and after the Bartlett family had left the Doshisha, she made her home with her younger daughter on the campus of the Episcopal University, St. Paul's at Tokyo.

Bishop and Mrs. Reifsnider's hospitality is famous, and when Mrs. Gordon could no longer make frequent visits to Kyoto, Kyoto came to her. Anyone from the Doshisha, or from the Kumiai church anywhere was sure of a special welcome. But in the cosmopolitan life of the capital, before the great Dispersion, all sorts of interesting people were coming and going, a constant addition to the circle of friends. Mrs. Gordon had a beautiful voice in speaking, and her wit and rare gift of expression never left her.

Clara Davis Bridgman, on the way from Africa last summer, found her recovering from a serious illness that had kept her at St. Luke's Hospital for months, instead of coming to America as she had planned. Mrs. Bridgman says, "The picture of the loving, eager, vivid face, and radiant smile will linger with me always."

Everything possible was done for her, and to the surprise of all, she gained steadily, so that it seemed best to cross the ocean again and spend the winter in California. There, in her "own hired house," Thanksgiving Day with four generations around the table, was a great occasion. Letters in her own handwriting, sent East and West, spoke happily of having a home where some of her beloved grandchildren could have a real Christmas. But a sudden attack of influenza proved too much for her heart.

A friend who had often supplied an elusive word or line for her when she wanted to sing old hymns in the night, wrote from Tokyo: "I am sure her dauntless spirit moves energetically in the new world in which she finds herself, and I hope that as she entered it she heard an angelic choir singing Bunyan's sturdy hymn, 'He who would valiant be—'"

There is on the campus at Kyoto a wrought-iron fence and gateway, designed long ago by Donald Gordon. Through it have passed hundreds of children, for it used to stand at the entrance of a kindergarten, given "in memory of M. L. Gordon." Some of

those children are teaching at the Doshisha. The kindergarten is gone, but there is, instead, a scholarship at the university to enrich the lives of young men preparing to serve the country Dr. Gordon loved so well. The partnership has not ceased. Invisible, it will endure so long as men and women all over the world, who knew him through her, remember AGNES DONALD GORDON.

Dency Root Herrick. "Mrs. David S. Herrick," writes William W. Wallace, formerly president of the American College in Madura, "was one of that group of young women in the Madura Mission fifty years ago that went to India on the high tide of enthusiasm of the Student Volunteer Movement in America. They sought to understand the religious philosophy of Hindus and Moslems; they encouraged Indian arts and crafts. They developed Hindu girls' schools, trained Indian teachers and Biblewomen, nurses and medical assistants, toured Indian villages, established village schools, brought comfort, courage and cheer to multitudes of India's depressed classes.

"In many of these lines of work Mrs. Herrick was an active leader and organizer. A very difficult piece of work which she carried through to success was her interest in the Mohammedan community. By her untiring efforts a school for Mohammedan girls was established and carried on for years. She contributed largely to the social life of the mission by her talent for music and as a charming hostess the memory of her gracious personality will long be cherished in the Madura Mission."

Dency Tiffany Root, daughter of a minister and alumna of Boston University, went to India with her sister Mary in 1887 and was put in charge of the Hindu girls' schools in Madura. A year later she met David S. Herrick, son of a missionary and a Williams College alumnus. In 1888, at the end of her first term of service, she married him in America to which he had returned for his theological course. They were located in Madura for a year and she resumed her Hindu girls' schools work. She did so again after a six year period of service in Batlagundu, where she supervised the Biblewomen as well as the schools. Her husband's ill health and her own then kept them in America for a while; when they returned it was to Bangalore they were sent as Mr. Herrick was on the staff of the United Theological College. Another period of ill health was followed by complete recovery and nine years of happy work in Bangalore. In 1932 the two retired. They have one child, Prudence.

Three years later Mrs. Herrick became an invalid and her death came on January 16, 1941. Many memories of her remain: of her friendliness, her keen sense of humor, of the beauty of the home she made for her family and of the strength and beauty of her character.

G. H. K.

Susan Wealthy Orvis. Miss Orvis' thirty years of work as a foreign missionary took her into parts of the world she never dreamed she would see when she went out to Turkey in 1902 to teach in a girls' school in Talas. For, during the first World War she was sent to do Near East Relief work among the Armenian refugees in the Caucasus. When the Bolsheviks gained control of the region, however, she had to leave via Siberia and Peking, China. And she returned to Turkey a year later by way of India and the Suez Canal. When in 1923 and 1924 Armenians were deported south she accompanied her orphans and school girls to give them the protection of her presence and to help them in other ways. In 1932 she had to withdraw from the work on account of ill health.

She was born December 20, 1873 in Atlanta, Illinois, but from the age of two to seventeen lived on a farm in

Ayr, Nebraska. She was graduated from Grinnell College in 1900 with Phi Beta Kappa honors, took her Master's degree at Chicago Theological Seminary in 1915 during a furlough, and a Bachelor of Divinity degree from Oberlin in 1939. She died after a long illness on January 10, 1941 at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harriet Cook, in Earlville, Iowa.

"Miss Orvis would not have us think of her life as burdened with sacrifice, but as gloriously blest in the realization of the supreme satisfactions of living," said State Superintendent Royal J. Montgomery at a service of remembrance. "She leaves the inspiration and challenge of a life joyously lived in the greatest of all causes. We rejoice that she was our ambassador of God's love. We have pride in her achievements as we acknowledge our debt to her."

G. H. K.

Annie Crosby Strong. "She was in every good work here," said to me the ninety-year-old Mrs. Francis E. Clark who had worked with Miss Strong in Junior Endeavor in Auburndale for years. Many a generation of little folks thus bore the impress of Miss Strong's influence into their later years. Older young people she helped too, for she had a club of high-school girls meet fortnightly in her home, to make useful articles to sell for some project. She was also on the Young People's Committee of the Woman's Board of Missions; she was a director of that Board and faithful in attendance at its meetings; many of the long list of those she regularly corresponded with were missionaries and she was especially interested in the mission work in Africa.

Her interest in missions was hardly strange, since her father, Rev. E. E. Strong, was a secretary of the American Board and editor of the MISSIONARY HERALD; and her brother William followed in his father's footsteps. So there was a strong missionary atmosphere in the home nicknamed "the Stronghold" where many a worker from the foreign field received a most hearty welcome.

Miss Strong accomplished all she did in spite of a physique far from strong and in spite of many days of great suffering. She was never too busy or too full of pain to greet every friend, acquaintance, or stranger seeking her out with heartwarming cordiality and a radiant smile. After a long illness she entered upon her eternal rest on January 15, 1941, but she will live long in the hearts of her friends and in the hearts of many in distant lands who, not having seen her, loved her.

G. H. K.

[Some of Miss Strong's friends, instead of sending flowers to the funeral, sent money to Ingtai, China, as a memorial to her.—EDITOR.]

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1, to January 31, 1941 . .	$49,952.30
Month of February, 1941 .	1,766.54
Total for 9 months ended February 28, 1941 . .	$51,718.84

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It's Happening Everywhere

The other day I saw two young men on a bus who had been called for military service. They were neighbors' boys from average homes with their light suitcases. They were looking for the place to report and rang the buzzer at the wrong stop. The driver glared and said something sarcastic. They apologized. Not soldiers—not yet anyway—they were two lads ashamed of their error, dreading the uncertainties ahead, and not without some difficulty squaring their shoulders and pulling up their hearts. What will the next twelve months do to them!

For most boys military life is a cold, cold bath. Separation from home and friends brings many tensions and temptations. Their fathers and mothers will not forget them, but neither should the church. In many places we shall work interdenominationally, in others our own churches are near the camps. Often these are small and need more room and added workers. The chaplains are also asking for our help. Methods will vary with the different situations but money will be needed in any case. And as yet we have no funds with which to meet this new emergency.

Wm F Fraz ier

If you desire to help, send your contribution to

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